

A Bunch of Nerds by Thei

Series: [Babysitting \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: (at least fluff-ish), (but secret), Babysitting, Banter, Cookies!/, Established Relationship, Flirting, Fluff, Harringrove, M/M, dramatic! Billy, idk i just needed to write something short and uncomplicated, long-suffering!Steve, the wrecking of a kitchen

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, I mean all the kids make an appearance but ... like ... not a lot, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-12-02

Updated: 2018-12-02

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:07:07

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,934

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

“I can't believe we're spending the only time we have together this week babysitting a bunch of nerds.”

A Bunch of Nerds

"I can't believe we're spending the *only* time we have together this week babysitting a bunch of nerds."

Steve rolled his eyes at Billy, who was draped over the sofa, looking miserable.

"What are you talking about? We've been hanging out every day!"

"Yeah", Billy said and pursed his lips, "but there are always other people around. We haven't been *alone* for a *week*."

"Stop pouting, it doesn't become you."

"Everything becomes me", Billy said and stretched, licking his lips and blinking exaggeratedly with his long eyelashes. Steve had to admit – if only to himself – that he painted a pretty picture. He didn't say that, though; Billy's ego was big enough already.

"The kids had to be *somewhere*, and Mrs Henderson had to take her cat to the vet."

The kids had planned to spend the evening at Dustin's – the other parents having no doubt taken the opportunity to make plans for the night – but when Mrs Henderson's cat started coughing up something that *definitely wasn't hairballs*, Steve, she'd called Steve in a panic to ask him to *please* look after the kids for a while, and he couldn't say no.

"I *couldn't* say no, Billy. It's Mrs Henderson!"

Billy huffed and rolled his eyes.

"Don't give me that. You *like* Mrs Henderson. You wouldn't have been able to say no either."

"For you, I would", Billy grumbled, but straightened up. "But now, because you're too *nice*, instead of all the *other* things I'd planned for tonight, we're stuck babysitting the nerd herd."

"I'm not too nice. And– Wait, what other things?"

Billy looked off into the distance like the over-dramatic jerk he was and said, airily, "Guess we won't ever find out, now."

Steve threw a pillow at him and smirked when Billy emerged from under it, looking properly outraged. "Hey, watch the hair!"

"What, that rat's nest on your head?"

Billy's face turned instantly serious. "You take that back."

"Never", Steve said, fighting back a grin.

"At least I don't use *girl* products in my hair!"

Steve made a point to give Billy's hair a disdainful look. "And it shows, too."

"Oh you're dead, Harrington."

That was the only warning Steve got before Billy jumped up over the back of the sofa, wielding the pillow like a weapon. Steve had to use all the skills he'd honed in basketball practice to dodge it, but he still ended up with his back to the wall and Billy pressed up against him with his hands on either side of Steve's face.

"What did you say about my hair?" Billy's voice was low and husky, and it *did things* to Steve who couldn't help but squirm a little. "Hmm, Harrington ...?"

Fuck it. Steve couldn't be expected to control himself when Billy's lips were just inches from his own - he leaned forward for a kiss. Billy made a little surprised noise before he got with the program and pushed back. The back of Steve's head hit the wall again, but he honestly didn't mind at that particular moment because he was burying his fingers in Billy's blonde locks and pulling his head. Billy let out a breath, and Steve captured it between his own lips–

– and that's when a crash from the kitchen made the both of them jump. They looked at each other, then to the doorway, and then back to each other. Billy was the first to break – he let out a raspy laugh

and took a couple of steps back, running his tongue over his bottom lip and dragging a hand through his hair.

“Shit”, he said. “Right. The brat pack.”

“You know what?” Steve said and reached out for Billy again while making grabbing motions with his hands. “I don't even care if they find out about us. Come here.”

Billy smirked – a smile that made shivers run down Steve's spine – and shrugged. “Fuck it. Let's traumatize them properly.”

They met halfway but had barely touched when there was another crash from the kitchen. Steve threw up his arms in frustration. “I'm gonna kill them!”

Billy bit his lip and raised an eyebrow. “I love it when you talk dirty.”

“Shut up.”

“Mmm, bossy ...!”

They could hear shrill voices arguing from the other end of the house, and Steve shook his head to clear it. He closed his eyes, took a couple of deep breaths and thought about dead puppies, nuclear bombs and that time he accidentally walked in on their coach naked in the shower – anything he could think of to will his heartbeat (and other parts of himself) back to normal.

He glanced over at Billy.

“Guess we better check on them.”

“*You* check on them. They're *your* kids.”

“Don't think you're getting off easy. 20% of them are yours.”

Billy narrowed his eyes, like he usually did when Steve said something particularly stupid. “One out of six doesn't make 20%, Steve.”

"I *know* that, but Jane's at least part yours, so."

Billy straightened up. "Damn right she is. She and Max are *way* better than the others."

"Playing favorites, Hargrove?" Steve threw over his shoulder as he walked out of the living room.

"Don't worry, Harrington", came the reply, closer to Steve's ear than he'd been expecting. "You'll always be my number one."

With that, Billy slapped his ass and walked past him into the hallway and towards the kitchen, loudly calling out, "Hey, shitheads!"

The kitchen looked like a bomb had gone off. The counter was filled with a bunch of stuff that Steve was *certain* hadn't been there ten minutes ago. There was a fog of flour in the air, and a thin layer of it covered every available surface – including Dustin and Mike, who were yelling at each other. Will was crouching on the floor, gingerly picking up pieces of a broken mug, and Max was standing by the counter, stirring something in a bowl while Jane watched her. The only one who looked up when Steve and Billy entered the room was Lucas – and he threw his hands up, eyes wide, and exclaimed, "For the record, I was *against* this!"

Ignoring Lucas in favor of taking in the general chaos of the room, Steve shrieked, "What are you doing to my mother's kitchen?"

That made everyone look up, and unfortunately for Steve's sanity, most of them started speaking at the same time.

"We're making cookies!"

"Cookies."

"But then Mike dropped the mug."

"I only dropped it because you threw flour at me!"

"*You started it!*"

"I dropped the bag, it was an accident!"

“An accident, Mike? You dropped it *on my head!*”

“I had nothing to do with this.”

“Why don't you make yourselves useful and find us some chocolate chips?”

“Who made *you* boss?”

“I'm the only one actually *doing* anything!”

Steve was going to have an aneurysm. He dragged his hand over his face and then screamed, “*Why* are you making cookies?! Your mom *left us cookies*, Dustin. We *have* cookies!”

Dustin nodded and pointed at Steve with both hands. “Excellent point, but not exactly true. We *had* cookies.”

Steve blinked. “You *ate* them all already?” And then, after a beat, “Without saving *any* for me and Billy?”

“That's why we're making new ones!” Dustin exclaimed and clapped his hands together.

“You're making them using *my* stuff.”

“But they're made with love?”

Steve opened his mouth to reply, but before he got a word out Will held out the shards of the broken mug and said, “I can buy a new mug for you, Steve.”

Steve heard a snort behind him and turned towards Billy, who was leaning casually against the wall.

“Do you think this is funny, Hargrove?”

“Oh no, not at all”, Billy said with a shit-eating grin, eyes twinkling with mirth, “I think this is *hilarious*.”

Steve didn't know if he wanted to kiss him or punch him. Possibly both. He gave the blonde a look that he hoped expressed this, before

addressing the room at large.

“Okay, listen up you little shits. Here's what you'll do. You don't have to buy me a new mug, Will.” He turned to Mike. “*You* do, though.” Cue loud protests from Mike, which Steve ignored in favor of turning to Max and Jane. “You guys, continue making cookies. No use wasting ingredients.”

“Yeah”, Billy chimed in, “plus we want cookies, too.”

“The rest of you guys, you're gonna clean this mess up.”

“What?! But I *told* them we shouldn't do it, I shouldn't have to clean!”

“Can it, Sinclair”, Billy said before Steve had a chance to comment. “Ever heard of 'guilty by association'?”

Lucas looked like he *really* wanted to protest, but a glare from Max shut him up. Quite impressive, actually. Steve wished he could get *his* boyfriend to shut up with just a look. Of course, he had other ways to shut Billy up – none that were appropriate in the presence of other people, though.

“What are *you* gonna do, then?” Dustin said, thankfully pulling Steve from those kind of thoughts.

Steve leveled him with a *look*. “Me and Billy – who had nothing whatsoever to do with creating this mess – are going to make sure that you clean it up. And then we're going to eat cookies while you guys go back to whatever lame game you were *supposed* to play *in the den*. And when your parents pick you up, we'll spend the night complaining about you guys and eat even *more* cookies.”

“Steeeeeve!” Dustin complained.

“No. Nope. Get to it, guys. I want this kitchen *spotless*! Cleaning materials are under the sink and behind that door over there. Go.”

Will went willingly, dragging along a muttering Mike. Lucas threw up his hands in the air like the whole situation was more than unfair, and Dustin dragged his feet and glanced over his shoulder at Steve, looking like a sad dog. Steve wasn't affected by it. He crossed his

arms over his chest and leaned back against the wall, shoulder to shoulder with Billy.

“So bossy”, Billy commented, low enough that Steve was the only one to hear him.

“Damn right.”

“I dig it.”

He could see Billy's smile out of the corner of his eye, and had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from grinning. It wouldn't do to look anything less than stern when he had a bunch of kids to supervise.

Billy made it difficult, though. “Watching you boss the nerds around like this – and then cookies after? Tonight's shaping up to be better than I thought.”

“I'm glad.”

“You sure know how to show a guy good time.”

“Mhm.”

“This is *almost* as good as the plans I had.”

And dammit, but Steve couldn't help himself. He glanced over, looked Billy in the eyes and prompted, “Which were ...?”

Billy grinned and broke eye contact. Looked straight ahead, as if he was simply observing the cleanup. Licked his lips – and damn him and that tongue of his; Steve couldn't look away.

“You know, Steve. I might just tell you, after all.”

He pushed off the wall. As he passed Steve, he whispered, “Or *show* you, when we're *alone*.”

Steve was left standing by the doorway, fighting down a blush as his mind suggested possible future activities. Meanwhile Billy stalked over to the counter to pour more chocolate chips into the bowl that Max and Jane was working on, stating that “there can never be

enough chocolate chips in cookies”.

Steve grinned as Jane hung an apron around Billy's neck, and couldn't help but agree with Billy's earlier statement; tonight really was shaping up.

Author's Note:

I wrote for NaNo this year. Not one project, but several, but I got the word count in, at least! But uuuugh, it's been so MUCH with PLOT and PLANNING and stuff, so I needed to write something short and uncomplicated. Wrote the first draft of this in like half an hour. It felt good, so I'm posting it. If not for any other reason than to add another work to the Harringrove fandom :p